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COBBETT (WILLIAM)

REMARKS

ON THE

EXPLANATION,

LATELY PUBLISHED BY

DR. PRIESTLEY,

RESPECTING THE

INTERCEPTED LETTERS OF HIS FRIEND AND DISCIPLE,

JOHN H. STONE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A CERTIFICATE OF CIVISM

FOR

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, JUN.

BY PETER PORCUPINE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, OPPOSITE OLD BOND STREET, PICCADILLY.

1799.

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TO

THE PEOPLE OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE factious diſpoſition of *Doctor Prieſtley;* the feuds he excited in England; the violence to which his inſolence rouſed ſome miſguided men, and the melancholy conſequences of thoſe violences, muſt all be remembered by the *People of Birmingham.*

As he, at laſt, left his country, in ſearch, as he profeſſed, only of ſecurity and repoſe, it might have been expected from a "*Saint,*" that he would have forgotten the objects of his enmity. But oblivion of reſentment is no article of the *Sectarian Creed.* No ſooner had he ſet his foot on the ſhores of America, than he recommenced a ſeries of calumnies againſt his former neighbours and government, which, either in the form of paragraphs, letters, or ſermons, he has, till very lately, continued with little intermiſſion.

Thoſe calumnies, I, as an Engliſhman, felt it my duty to repel. Unlearned as I was, I had never before ventured to commit my thoughts to the preſs; but, fired with indignation, and knowing that I had truth on my ſide, I feared neither the ſhafts of ridicule, nor the dagger of malice. Succeſs has attended my endeavours. In ſpite of the almoſt general prejudice which then exiſted againſt the Britiſh nation; in ſpite of the Doctor's experience in ſuch warfare, and his vaſt ſuperiority in point of abilities; in ſpite of myriads of virulent and lying newſpapers and pamphlets, aided by the clamours of a numerous democratic faction; in ſpite of all theſe diſadvantages, I have lived to ſee the truth of my ſtatements, and the juſtice of my opinions reſpecting Prieſtley, fully and univerſally acknowledged. Aſſuredly the battle has not been unto the ſtrong. The Goliath of Literature has fled from the ſling of the ſhepherd's boy.

Since a deſire to defend you, the People of Birmingham, againſt the malignant aſperſions of Doctor Prieſtley, was, in ſome degree, the cauſe of my firſt attempting to write, I am perſuaded you will not think it unnatural, that I addreſs to you this pamphlet, the intent of which is to prove, that this *Apoſtle of Sedition*, go where he will, into whatever country, and under whatever government, ſtill carries with him the ſame hoſtility to all lawful power; that he is ſtill the admirer of the woeful revolution

of France; that he ſtill entertains againſt Great Britain, and her inſtitutions, a hatred which neither time, nor diſtance, nor a conviction of his errors, nor the advance of age, can remove, diminiſh, or mollify; that he ſtill wiſhes her revolutionized and ruined, and ſtill indulges the wicked, though deluſive hope, of ſeeing his wiſhes accompliſhed.

WM. COBBETT.

Philadelphia,
January 30th, 1799.

REMARKS,

&c.

THE Intercepted Letters of Stone were received in America by the June Packet. Their appearance, firſt in my Gazette, and ſucceſſively in all the public papers in the United States, except thoſe notoriouſly devoted to the cauſe of France, is a fact too well known to be mentioned here with any other view than that of introducing the following *Note, Explanation,* and *Remarks.*

'*To Mr.* COBBETT, *Philadelphia.*

'Doctor Prieſtley hopes Mr. Cobbett will do him 'the juſtice to inſert the encloſed in his news-'paper.

'*Northumberland, Sept.* 4, 1798.'

'SIR,

'I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, 'to give what ſatisfaction I can to many perſons

'in this country, who ſeem to be alarmed at the 'publication of an intercepted letter, addreſſed to 'me by Mr. J. Stone at Paris, and incloſing ano- 'ther, which I was to tranſmit to M. B. P. (which 'means a member of the Britiſh Parliament) at 'Kennebeck. They were firſt printed in England, '*with a view to render me obnoxious here.* Whe- 'ther they ought to have this effect, let any impar- 'tial perſon judge from the following circum- 'ſtances.

'Mr. John Stone *was a member of my congre- 'gation at Hackney, and a zealous friend of the 'American and French revolutions*, which ſuffi- 'ciently accounts for his correſponding with me. 'But *I am not anſwerable for what he, or any 'other perſon, may think proper to write to me.*

'The letter incloſed to me is for Mr. BENJAMIN 'VAUGHAN, formerly a *pupil of mine*, and ſon to 'Mr. Samuel Vaughan, who ſome time ago reſided 'in Philadelphia. He, like me, *thought it neceſ- 'ſary to leave England*, and for ſome time is ſaid 'to have aſſumed a feigned name. This he does 'not do here, and he is a man that any country 'may be proud to poſſeſs; having, for ability, 'knowledge of almoſt every kind, and the moſt 'approved integrity, very few equals. He is *well 'known* to, and probably *correſponds with*, the 'PRESIDENT, who will ſmile at the ſurmiſes that 'have been thrown out on the ſubject. He has

'fixed his reſidence at Kennebeck, becauſe his 'family has large property there. If he or I had 'been a ſpy in the intereſt of France, we have 'made a very ſtrange choice of ſituations in which 'to do miſchief.

——" But trifles light as air,
" Are to the jealous confirmations ſtrong,
" As proofs of holy writ."—

'I am, &c.

'JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.'

This *Explanation* was received at my houſe in Philadelphia on the 13th of September laſt, while I was in the country, on account of the yellow fever, which at that time deſolated the city. It was, indeed, ſent to me in the courſe of a few days after its receipt; but, being at a diſtance from many books and papers, to which I found it would be neceſſary to refer, I deferred making any reply 'till my return home; and ſince then I have been ſo preſſed with buſineſs of every kind, that it is with the utmoſt difficulty I have been able to ſteal time enough from the regular and indiſpenſable labours of the day, to throw together the Remarks which are here ſubmitted to the public. While, however, I think it neceſſary thus to make an apology for the delay, I muſt not forget to caution the reader againſt aſcribing it to any reſpect which I entertain for Doctor Prieſtley, for whom I thus early take occa-

ſion to avow my moſt unqualified contempt; and this I do, leſt, by inadvertence, I ſhould let fall any thing reſembling that affected civility, which has leſſened the force of too many well-meant publications, and which partakes too much of the cool, placid, Prieſtlean cant, to find an imitator in me, or in any man who feels a becoming zeal in the cauſe of his country, and who ſcorns to make a cowardly compromiſe with malice and with treaſon*.

The Doctor begins his Explanation by allowing, that the publicity of the Intercepted Letters has "*alarmed*" many perſons in America. He afterwards admits that he is ſuſpected as "a ſpy in the ſervice of France;" and, in conſequence of this, he very obligingly comes forward, a volunteer, to give what ſatisfaction he can on the ſubject; or, more properly ſpeaking, he endeavours to remove the dangerous impreſſion againſt himſelf, which he perceives the diſcovery has produced.

In what degree the people of the United States are *alarmed*, or ought, in any caſe, to be alarmed,

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* "I love the bold uncompromiſing mind,
"Whoſe principles are fix'd, whoſe views defin'd;
"Who owns, when traitors feel th' avenging rod,
"Juſt retribution, and the hand of God:
"Who hears the groans through *Olmutz* roofs that ring,
"Of him who chain'd, and who betray'd his king."

ANTI-JACOBIN, No. 36.

at the ſuſpected treachery of a miſerable though perverſe old man, I ſhall not pretend to determine; but, if the reader will lend me his patience through a few pages, I pledge myſelf to prove, that whatever ſuſpicion or alarms the Intercepted Letters were, in themſelves, calculated to excite, it ought by no means to be diminiſhed by the "*ſatisfaction*" which the Doctor has vainly attempted to give.

But, before I enter on the explanation itſelf, I ſhall beſtow a minute or two on an inſinuation, with which the cunning Sectary has thought proper to preface it, reſpecting the *motives* from which the letters were made public. His words are theſe: "They [the Letters of Stone] were "firſt publiſhed in England, *with a view to render* "*me obnoxious* HERE."

No great degree of ſagacity is requiſite to enable us to diſcover the object of this deſpicable complaint. The *authenticity* of the Intercepted Letters was too well eſtabliſhed to be ſhaken by any denial of his: no equivocation, no ſubterfuge, would, on this ſcore, have anſwered the leaſt purpoſe; and he therefore was driven to avail himſelf of a miſrepreſentation of the views from which they were made public. Unable to contradict the fact, to deny the truth of the teſtimony againſt him, he endeavours to deaden its effect by complaining of the hard-heartedneſs of his accuſer: conſci-

ous that the juſtice of the public muſt condemn him, he has the meanneſs to appeal to their compaſſion.

That this complaint is, however, wholly groundleſs, that the Letters of Stone were not publiſhed in England with a view to render him odious, here or any where elſe, is very evident from the *Preface* and the *Notes* of the Engliſh publiſher; in which, thoſe parts of the Letters relative to America, though peculiarly inviting to the Commentator, are ſuffered to paſs almoſt entirely unnoticed: and as to himſelf, he is mentioned but once, when he is thought worthy of nothing more than a ſneer of contempt.

The fact is, the Doctor has too high an opinion of his own merits. He imagines himſelf a much more dangerous and dreaded peſt than he really is. The people of England, if I have any knowledge of their ſentiments, care nothing about him or his plots. They know, indeed, that he is a political viper; but they alſo know, that, with regard to them and their country, he is a viper without a ſting: and, as to what miſchief he may do here or elſewhere, it cannot be believed but they muſt be extremely indifferent. If America is deſtined to ſuffer from his machinations, on the Americans will lie all the blame. During many, many years, previous to his emigration, every art was made uſe of by individuals, by ſocieties, and even by ſeveral of

the legiſlatures, to gather together on theſe ſhores all the diſcontented from under every government in Europe. When the hoſpitable hoſt is betrayed by the ſtranger, whom, without any views of intereſt, he has received under his roof, and ſeated at his table, every noble feeling of the heart is rouſed in his cauſe; but, very different indeed is the effect, when we hear a people complain of the treachery of thoſe, whom they have *invited*, nay *inveigled*, not to ſay *ſeduced*, from their *duty* and their *homes*.

But, to return to the Doctor's complaint; allowing the publiſhers of the Intercepted Letters to have been aware, that the publication of them would render him obnoxious in America; and even allowing theſe publiſhers to be, as he hints, the Britiſh government: Yet, what reaſon has he to complain? The Britiſh government is the guardian of the intereſt and honour of the Britiſh Nation, and is, whatever he and his traiterous correſpondent may ſay to the contrary, the organ by which the people expreſs their ſentiments on every national concern. And whence, pray, does the Doctor preſume that *he*, above all men living, ought to expect favour at the hands of that people? What has he done to merit their commiſeration or their mercy? What truth, injurious to their reputation, did he ever ſuppreſs? And when did he miſs an oppor-

tunity of endeavouring to render them the hate and the ſcorn of the univerſe?

That his whole political life has been a continued ſeries of hoſtile attempts againſt the tranquility, happineſs, and national character of Britons, need not, at this day, be aſſerted. It was the notoriety of this fact, which procured him the "*affectionate farewell*" of thoſe ſons of brutality and treaſon, the *United Iriſhmen*, and the "*affectionate welcome*" of the no leſs brutal and perfidious *Democrats of America*. As, however, it is poſſible that theſe remarks may fall into the hands of ſome perſons, who are not acquainted with all the divers ſtages of his ſeditious career, I ſhall introduce an inſtance or two of the implacable malice, which he has diſcovered againſt the Britiſh nation, ſince his emigration to America; and, for doing this, my being myſelf a Briton, will, I am ſure, be a ſufficient apology.

The Preface to his farewell Hackney Sermon, which was evidently intended as an appeal from the people of England to the people of America (or rather from the impartial judgment of the former to the prejudices of the latter), and which he took good care to publiſh, and diſtribute in great profuſion, immediately upon his arrival at Philadelphia, is a moſt malignant libel on the whole Britiſh nation. The king is repreſented as a deſpot; their legiſlators as corrupt; their clergy as ido-

latrous, bigoted, and perſecuting; their judges as unmerciful and partial; their juries as perjured; and the people at large, as ignorant, profligate, baſe, and cruel.

His letter to a friend in England, which was publiſhed there in all the manufacturing towns, and which was evidently intended to be ſo publiſhed, in order to induce people to emigrate; that letter, of which every ſentence, and every member of a ſentence, is an abominable falſhood; that letter, which ſays, "here we have *no poor*," and which was written at the very time that the writer was preaching "charity ſermons," for the relief "of *poor Emigrants*," many of whom he, in his ſermon, ſays, if not ſo relieved "*muſt periſh*;" that letter I ſhall paſs over at preſent, becauſe I look upon it as a duty I owe to my countrymen to give it a ſeparate and ample reply.

Neither ſhall I ſtop to remark on his echo to the calumnies contained in the New-York addreſſes; becauſe, though abundantly wicked, it was in ſome meaſure drawn from him by the only perſons from whom he ever received a cordial reception on this ſide of the Atlantic. But, the ſame excuſe (if, indeed, it ought to be admitted as one) cannot be offered in defence of his *malicious "Charity Ser-"mon for the relief of poor Emigrants."* In this Sermon, as it is called, which is at once the moſt nonſenſical and nefarious production that was ever

ſnuffled forth from the tub of a conventicle, he *calls on the Americans to remember that their fore-fathers, if not they themſelves, were* PERSECUTED BY GREAT BRITAIN; *he reminds them of their victorious endeavours in their* LATE HARD STRUGGLE AGAINST *that nation: he tells them the poor Emigrants, though at a diſtance,* PRAYED *for their ſucceſs, and* CONTRIBUTED TOWARDS IT IN VARIOUS OTHER WAYS; *and finally he tells them, that theſe poor Emigrants* ARE NOW PERSECUTED AND DRIVEN FROM GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND FOR HAVING BEEN FRIENDS TO THE AMERICAN CAUSE, *and that even wiſhing well to the* LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA IS A CRIME THAT GREAT BRITAIN WILL NEVER FORGIVE.

Attrociouſly falſe as this ſtatement is, its falſhood is loſt in its poiſonous malignity.* It is im-

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* When I ſay the Doctor's *ſtatement is falſe*, I only mean, as far as it relates to the conduct and diſpoſition of Great Britain. That the Doctor and his brethren *contributed* as far as lay in their power towards the ſucceſs of the American revolt, I have not the temerity to deny, or the ſtupidity to doubt. Yes, the whole SECT; whether doctors of law, phyſick, or divinity; whether poets, hiſtorians, or criticks, were all hearty in the cauſe. One *Smith*, of Philadelphia, ſome time ago, attempted a regular republication of the *Monthly Review Enlarged*. In order to induce people to ſubſcribe to his work, he ſtated in his propoſals, that this *Review* was *decidedly oppoſed* to the *Britiſh ſyſtem in church and ſtate*, that it was

poſſible to form a conception of any thing more expreſſive of a black and rancorous heart, than this attempt to revive the ill-grounded and diſgraceful hatred, too long entertained by the Americans, againſt a nation from whom they are deſcended; from whom they derive their language, and whatſoever elſe they poſſeſs of excellence in their manners, their cuſtoms, their laws, and their religion; to whom they owe the foundation of their proſperity and their greatneſs; to whoſe glorious deeds they are indebted for their preſent tranquility and ſafety, and on whoſe fate (in ſpite of the ſuggeſtions of fools and traitors) their freedom and independence muſt finally depend. To revive and perpetuate animoſities between millions of men, whoſe happineſs, on a national ſcale, entirely depends on their mutual friendſhip, muſt, from whatever motive ariſing, and by whatever means attempted, be regarded as ſupremely wicked and deteſtable: where, then, ſhall we find language to expreſs our abhorrence of the vindictive, unnatural, and hypocritical wretch, who makes the ſatan-like attempt from hatred to his native country, and

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conducted by *republicans*, and had *eminently contributed towards the ſucceſs of the American revolution.* I gave *Smith's* republication a ſlight *Kick*, and down it went. This very attempt is forgotten; but it is not amiſs that we remember his *encomiums* on the *Monthly Review.*

who profanes the tender and ſacred name of *Charity*, by uſing it as a cover to his cool and premeditated revenge?

Though juſtice, even towards ſuch a man, ought to be tempered with mercy; and, though *real* charity ought to induce us to forgive him, as we pray to be forgiven; yet, I preſume, from no conſideration whatſoever, ought we to condeſcend to regard his character, tranquility, and happineſs, as more precious than the character, tranquility, and happineſs of ourſelves, and our country. It is, however, preciſely this degree of condeſcenſion, which he, after all the proofs of his malignity towards them, has the modeſty to exact at the hands of the Britiſh nation! This nation, whom he had ſo laboured to injure and defame, ſeized on a certain traitorous correſpondence, which was eminently calculated to expoſe the impious principles and deſtructive projects of their internal and external enemies. Intereſt, duty, even ſelf-preſervation, called on them to publiſh this correſpondence to the world; but this forcible call they were totally to diſregard, becauſe the Intercepted Letters happened to be addreſſed to *him! ! !*—To the *authenticity* of the Letters he has not a word to oppoſe: the only objectionable circumſtance, is, they were calculated to render *him* obnoxious, and, on that account alone, he has the aſſurance to inſinuate,

that they *ought to have been ſuppreſſed!* The Britiſh nation (for I perſiſt in looking upon government and people as one) were not only to wink at detected treaſon, but were to become traitors to themſelves, their poſterity, and their God; and all this, rather than run the mighty riſk of rendering *him* obnoxious; *Him!* who for theſe twenty years paſt, has even ſacrificed his intereſt, his peace, and his reputation, to the pleaſure of injuring, inſulting, and reviling them; and who, to this very hour, and at this diſtance, purſues them with all the craft of a ſectary joined to the hatred and malice of a fiend!

So much for the Doctor's *complaint.* I ſhall now examine the "*circumſtances*," which he ſeems to think ought to prevent the Intercepted Letters from rendering him obnoxious *here.*

The firſt of theſe circumſtances relate to Stone. "*He was*," ſays Prieſtley, "*a member of my con-*
"*gregation at Hackney, and a zealous friend of*
"*the American and French Revolution,* WHICH
"SUFFICIENTLY ACCOUNTS FOR HIS CORRES-
"PONDING WITH ME."

Granted, Doctor. I not only allow, that *Stone's being a member of your congregation* ſufficiently accounts for his holding a traiterous correſpondence with you; but I alſo allow, that it accounts in the moſt ſatisfactory manner, *for his becoming a traitor.* This "circumſtance" muſt convince the few who

yet doubt on the ſubject, that your conventicle at Hackney was a moſt convenient and ſucceſsful ſchool for treaſon; but how it can poſſibly tend to remove the ſuſpicion of *your* being a ſpy or a traitor, or both, I cannot conceive. It is the duty of teachers to walk according to precepts which they give to others; and, it cannot be believed, that ſuch a *conſcientious* man as you have forſaken the path, though rugged and dark, in which you conducted your flock, and through which Citizen Stone has arrived at the nethermoſt hell of Democracy.

But, beſides Stone's being one of the Doctor's congregation, he was a zealous friend of the American and French revolutions, and this is, it ſeems, another circumſtance, which accounts for his correſponding with the Doctor.—Poor, ſilly reaſon! Reader, do you not know hundreds and thouſands of perſons, who, like yourſelf, are enemies to the French revolution; Yes; and yet I dare engage, that that circumſtance never led you into a correſpondence with any one them. Indeed, this excuſe is ſo very puerile and abſurd, that I ſhould have thought it unworthy of notice, had I not thought it neceſſary to remark on it in another point of view.

The circumſtance was not intended as *an excuſe for the correſpondence*. It was dragged in as one of thoſe little baits for popularity, which are in con-

ſtant uſe amongſt all the renegadoes from Great Britain and Ireland; a baſe method of paying their court to the people of America, and one to which every man, who has a drop of true blood in his heart, ſcorns to have recourſe. In ſtating this circumſtance, the Doctor indirectly reminds the Americans of *his own merits* as one of thoſe, who ſecretly aided their cauſe during the conteſt between them and the Mother country; which, while it proves him to have been unfaithful to his native country, will not, I aſſure him, ſerve as a ſet-off to his correſpondence with Stone. If the public papers and the arts of land-jobbers have invited traitors to the country, the people have, on their arrival, uniformly treated them with every mark of abhorrence; and it is a well known truth, that, of the vaſt horde who have fled hither ſince the beginning of the French revolution, not one has met with confidence or encouragement. *

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* *Reynolds*, the ſeditious united Iriſhman, who was obliged to fly from Ireland to ſave his neck, now ſtands proſecuted for a libel on the American Secretary of State. Go where he will, ſtill he muſt be a malcontent. He is, however, now reduced ſo low, that no one will aſſociate with him, except he be of the very dregs of the mob. He called himſelf Doctor for ſome time; but the title has been laid aſide, as of no uſe. This wretch, in his paſſage to America, guillotined the king in effigy.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan makes ſpruce beer, and drives it about for ſale in a wheel-barrow. He lives in the borough of Wilmington.

I ſhall ſtop here to make an obſervation, the ſubject of which has, I dare ſay, often occurred to the Doctor on his pillow, and which ought to be very well attended to by the whole of the Britiſh Nation: and that is, that all the revolutioniſts, while they are endeavouring to excite the people of Great Britain and Ireland to revolt againſt the government, profeſs great fidelity to their country and *loyalty to their king*. They pretend to have nothing in view but "the *good*, the *honour*, the *permanent*

Daniel Iſaac Eaton, of hog's-waſh memory, was quite bold on his firſt arrival. He advertiſed pamphlets for ſale by "Daniel Iſaac Eaton, *ſix times tried for ſedition*;" but the *Alien law* ſoon made him withdraw both his advertiſement and himſelf from the notice of the public. He ſome time ago lived in a log-hut over Schuylkill, where he cohabited with an Indian ſquaw. The proprietor of the hut, finding what gentry he had got for tenants, turned them out bag and baggage. I happened to be going out on a ſhooting party, when the miſcreant and his yellowed hided frow were coming into Camp-town, trapſing through the dirt. "And is that," thought I, "the PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, THE PEOPLE!"—He has brought his *hogs* to a fine market!

Citizen Lee firſt attempted a magazine, then a book, and then he tried what could be got by travelling, and he is at laſt comfortably lodged in *New York jail.*

Poor Merry (whom, however, I do not claſs with ſuch villains as the above) died about three months ago, juſt as he was about to finiſh a treatiſe on the juſtice of the *Agrarian ſyſtem*. He was never noticed in A . He pined away in obſcurity. The people here have, thank Heaven, no taſte for the Della Cruſcan poetry or politics.

glory of the Empire." They propoſe "to *amend* and not *deſtroy*;" to make the people *truly happy*, and "His *Gracious Majeſty truly great*." With cant like this Prieſtley played his part during the American war. Never did he tell the people, that he wiſhed to ſee thirteen flouriſhing colonies lopped off from the king's dominions; but now, behold, he not only acknowledges that he wiſhed to ſee this, but he boaſts of thoſe wiſhes, and calls upon the Americans to reward him and his aſſociates for the *prayers*, and various other *aſſiſtance* which they lent them during their ſtruggle for *independence!* So *Reynolds* and the *United Iriſhmen*: their modeſt deſires extended no further than *Catholic Emancipation* and *Parliamentary Reform*. You cannot dip into their proceedings without meeting with a ſolemn declaration of their having "no deſign to change the form or nature of the "government," and a ſolemn proteſtation of their "*affection* for the perſon of his *Gracious Majeſty* "and his illuſtrious family." But, what is their language on this ſide of the ſea? Having gathered together their branded and ſcattered crew, the firſt thing they require of each, is, to declare that "His Gracious Majeſty" is a tyrant; that Ireland ought to ſhake off his yoke, and become an independent republic, and in this they ſwear to do all in their power to aſſiſt her!. Juſt ſuch, too, are the views of the *Whig Club* and *Correſponding Society*.

Their ſtalking-horſe is *Reform*, but their real object is the overthrow of the monarchy; a ſcramble for power and riches: and this intention, ſhould they ſucceed, they will boaſt of with as unbluſhing a front as Lauderdale's friend, Briſſot, and his gang, after they had made the exciting of the inſurrection of the 10th of Auguſt one of the crimes for which they put their Sovereign to death, *boaſted of having excited the inſurrection themſelves!* This is one of the blackeſt deeds in the annals of republican France; but, let the people of Great Britain be aſſured, that, inſtead of abhorrence, it has ſerved to awaken emulation in the minds of the degraded and deſperate faction, who have ſtill the hypocriſy to bellow for *Reform*.

From this digreſſion I return to the Doctor's explanation, and to the unconcern with which he diſmiſſes his friend Stone. Notwithſtanding this vile miſcreant was one of his flock (or rather *herd)* at Hackney; notwithſtanding his revolutionary turn of mind was a merit quite ſufficient to recommend him to the Doctor as a correſpondent; and notwithſtanding he writes as to a brother in iniquity; the Doctor has the effrontery to ſay;—"*But I am not anſwerable for what he, or any other perſon, may think proper to write to me.*"

Very true, moſt learned Jeſuit; it is obvious enough, that you could not prevent Stone, though your friend and penitent, from writing treaſon to

you. We know very well, that the letters are not ſufficient to hang you. But, becauſe ſuch a defence would ſave your neck before a judge, adminiſtering juſtice according to laws, which are ſo tender of the life of even the moſt murderous of villains, do you imagine that it will ſave, or that it ought to ſave your reputation before the tribunal of the public?

I cannot help remarking here on the ſtrict reſemblance between the Doctor's explanation, and the Vindication of Randolph, on an occaſion ſomewhat ſimilar. Randolph began by a complaint againſt General Waſhington, for not keeping Fauchet's Intercepted Letters a ſecret from all the world, and this he followed up, like the Doctor, with aſſerting, with a great deal of truth, that *he could not help what Citizen Fauchet choſe to write.* To this *Mifflin* and *Dallas* cried, *Amen!*

But what ſaid the public to this laconic exculpation? They ſaid, that *there muſt be ſomething of truth in what the Frenchman had written*, for that mere invention never could have furniſhed him with a chain of facts ſo probable and ſo connected; and they now ſay, with reſpect to the letters of the traitor Stone, that they never would have been addreſſed to one, whoſe ſentiments the writer was not well aſſured were in perfect uniſon with thoſe he expreſſed, whoſe ſecrecy he could not depend on, and, in ſhort, whoſe treaſonable diſpoſition he was not

thoroughly convinced was every way equal to his own.

When traitors feel a call to congregate (whether at Hackney or any where elſe), though they know each other to be ſuch, neither of them does, all at once, open his mind to another. They begin by dark hints, equivocal expreſſions, and half jokes, 'till, by degrees, they come to an explicit avowal of their helliſh principles and deſigns; then they throw off all reſerve. They ſpeak and write to each other in the true traitor ſtile; and in that ſtile it is that Stone writes to Prieſtley. His manner is as free as his ſentiments are foul: the former proves that the Doctor poſſeſſes his confidence, and the latter proves him to be worthy of it.

Nor is it true, in an unqualified ſenſe, that Prieſtley is *not anſwerable* for the contents of theſe letters. It is, indeed, true, that he could not help Stone's addreſſing his wicked ſentiments to him; for the wretch might have addreſſed them to me, or to any of my friends; but, though I could not have prevented his doing this, and, of courſe, ſhould not have looked upon myſelf as anſwerable for it; yet I ſhould certainly have been anſwerable for his ſentiments, unleſs I had uſed my utmoſt exertions to expoſe them, if the letter had come to hand; or (if they had been intercepted and publiſhed) unleſs I had publicly diſclaimed the villain's friendſhip,

and diſavowed his ſentiments, which Prieſtley has been very careful not to do.

Had he been the inoffenſive man he wiſhes to appear; had he not approved of the ſentiments of his miſcreant correſpondent, I appeal to any honeſt man, whether, inſtead of taking ſhelter under a miſerable ſubterfuge, he would not have come forward with a declaration ſomething like this:—"'Tis "true, Stone and I have lived in habits of intimacy, "and even friendſhip, for many years, which ſuf- "ficiently accounts for his writing to me; but, as "to the profligate and deteſtable ſentiments con- "tained in his Intercepted Letter, and particularly "thoſe relative to America, I not only diſavow, "but I moſt unequivocally expreſs my abhorrence "of them; and I am aſtoniſhed that the villain "ſhould dare, in ſuch an unreſerved manner, to "communicate them to me, who had aſſuredly "never given him the leaſt encouragement to make "me the confident of his profligacy or his treaſon."

Confident, as every one muſt be, that ſuch a declaration would have gone very far towards removing the ſuſpicions, which the Intercepted Letters had excited reſpecting the Doctor, it may, to ſome perſons, ſeem matter of wonder, that he did not, though it would have been a falſehood, make uſe of it: and, I am aware that many will be ready to conclude, that, if this act of ſelf-denial does not prove his innocence as to the charge of being a

ſpy, it, at leaſt, proves his *inviolable attachment to truth;* ſince he ſcorns to diſclaim his connections, or belie his ſentiments, even when reputation and every thing elſe are at ſtake.

There is ſomething in inflexible conſiſtency, which, even in traitors, men are apt to admire; but thoſe who aſcribe this inflexibility to the Doctor in the preſent inſtance, forget, or are totally ignorant of, the peculiar circumſtances in which he is placed.

Amongſt the innumerable horde of mal-contents, whom a covetous and ſhort-ſighted policy has encouraged to crowd to theſe States, no one ever experienced diſappointment equal to this ambitious Sectary. He expected to be hailed from afar, to be met with acclamations of joy, to be led from careſs to careſs; to be revered, conſulted, and obeyed; in ſhort, to be loaded with favours and with honours, without meaſure, and without end. Alas! how ſoon he was undeceived! *Welcomed*, indeed, he was; but, he was not ſo far blinded by his ſelf-conceit, as not to perceive that his *welcomers* conſiſted of no more than two or three clubs, the members of which were, if poſſible, more deſpicable than the Britiſh and Iriſh conſpirators, whoſe "affectionate farewell" had ſerved him as a paſſport of civiſm to theſe ſhores of liberty.

There were, amongſt the American clergy, men whoſe ſentiments perfectly agreed with thoſe of the Doctor; but they dared not ſhow him the countenance he expected. He found all the pulpits barred againſt him, with as much caution as they could have been againſt Satan himſelf; and, when he was at laſt ſeen haranguing from the tottering ſtage in that ſhabby-looking ſhell, called the Univerſaliſts' Church, he had the mortification to reflect, that he was only permitted to hold forth, as mountebanks and other diverting mendicants are, on condition of giving up a ſhare of the pence which he was able to draw out of the pockets of his hearers.

He did not, as he pretended, *retire* to Northumberland. The ſwamps and rocks which he calls *land*, and the ſhed which he dignifies with the name of *houſe*, were not a voluntary retreat from the fatiguing attention and applauſe of the city, but a *refuge* from its almoſt unanimous contempt.

Thus fallen to a ſtate from which he muſt look upward with inexpreſſible ſhame and anguiſh, it was not to be expected that ſo reſtleſs a ſpirit would remain in contentment. Accordingly, every part of his conduct, every thing we ſee or hear of him, tends to prove, that he waits with the utmoſt impatience, for an opportunity of exchanging this embaraſſed and degraded ſituation for one better adapted to his neceſſities, and more gratifying to

his ambition; that he regards this country as a temporary reſting place, and that, for patrons, and for a home, for future conſequence, and future ſubſiſtence, he looks to the republic of France*

If, then, he be thus circumſtanced (as I think nobody in America will deny he is), his forbearing to juſtify himſelf, by expreſſing his abhorrence of the ſentiments of Stone, and of the conduct of his deſpotic employers, can no longer appear wonderful. Inſtead of aſcribing his forbearance to *candour, conſiſtency*, or an *unſhaken adherence to truth*, we ought to aſcribe it, firſt, to a well-grounded fear of offending the *humane* and *enlightened* patrons, on whom he depends as the only remaining anchor of his ſhattered fortune and fame; and, ſecondly, to an apprehenſion of rouſing the reſentment of the

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* His ſon *Joſeph*, but a few days ago, told a gentleman in this city, that his father thought of leaving the country in a very little time. He ſaid he *did not like it; it was not fit for him to live in.*

The Doctor, is, on all occaſions, the defender of the French revolution. A gentleman told him, a little while ago, that, "*to defend* "*that event, after having been a witneſs of its conſequences, he muſt* "*either be a* FOOL *or a* KNAVE." I think he is *both*; and I think very little can be ſaid in defence of thoſe who admit him into the circle of their acquaintance.

In all Prieſtley's writings, he takes ſpecial care to let people know, that he is a *Citizen of France*. Though he wrangles like a dog with *Volney*, he tells him, he is glad to be able to embrace him cordially as a *fellow Citizen of France*. He might, I believe, have embraced him with full as much propriety as *a brother ſpy*.

rancorous traitor Stone, who, by way of revenge for his puſillanimous defection, would undoubtedly have produced *other parts of the correſpondence* between him and his ghoſtly confeſſor, which might, perhaps, have changed *preſumptive* into *poſitive* proof.

From theſe weighty conſiderations, and not from his averſion to falſehood, he has evaded all attempt at juſtification on this head, under the pitiful, though plauſible pretext, that he is NOT ANSWERABLE *for what Stone or any other perſon may think proper to write to him*, chooſing rather to run the riſk of being ſtill regarded as a " ſpy in the intereſt of France," than to incur the certain diſpleaſure of his patrons at Paris, and the no leſs certain vengeance of his friend and diſciple.

As the Doctor *could not help Stone's writing treaſon to him*, it follows of courſe, that he could not help his encloſing a letter for Citizen M. B. P.

Theſe three letters, the Doctor confeſſes, were made uſe of by Stone to deſignate a perſon, whom he ſpeaks of as *his*, the *Doctor's*, and *Talleyrand's* friend, and whom he underſtood to be, at the time of his writing, " *ſecreted at Kennebeck.*" I might here ſtop to obſerve, that this way of ſpeaking in initials, proves, that the Doctor muſt have received letters from Stone before on the ſame ſubject. As Othello ſays, " it notes a foregone concluſion;" but, ſince he *could not help* Stone's writing an ill-

fated letter that was intercepted, it is obvious that he could not help his writing others that were not intercepted.

The myſterious hints concerning M. B. P. the circumſtance of his being *ſecreted*, and his connection with *Talleyrand*, were well calculated to excite a ſuſpicion of his being a ſpy, or, at leaſt, a miſchievous agent of ſome ſort, in the ſervice of France; and we have now to examine whether this ſuſpicion ought to be weakened by the Doctor's explanation of the matter.

This *ſecreted* perſon to whom Stone refers Prieſtley as a counſellor, reſpecting the time when he ſhall leave America, the Doctor tells us, is "Mr. "*Benjamin Vaughan*, ſon of Mr. Samuel Vaughan, "who ſometime ago reſided at Philadelphia." I ſhall leave his eulogium on this ſkulking correſpondent of Stone and Talleyrand to be commented upon by the reader, and ſhall enquire a little further into his pedigree than his eulogiſt ſeems to wiſh to go. If, in this inquiry, any thing ſhould ariſe diſagreeable to the Vaughans, they muſt attribute it to their officious friend, by whom it was provoked.

The Doctor ſays true, I believe, that Benjamin Vaughan is the ſon of Samuel Vaughan, formerly an emigrant from England to Philadelphia, where he ſome time reſided. But, Doctor, could you not have told us a little more about this worthy progenitor of the ſecreted M. B. P. who *thought it neceſ-*

ſary to leave England, and to *aſſume a feigned name?* Could you, I ſay, have related no honourable anecdote about the reverend old Samuel, that might have heightened our eſteem for him? Since you have not done it, I will.

In the year 1765, this very Samuel Vaughan attempted to bribe the Duke of Grafton, in order to obtain a lucrative poſt for this "moſt excellent" ſon. He was repulſed by the Duke, threatened with a proſecution, and immediately (as it were by intereſt) commenced his career as a *Patriot*, a *Bill-of-Rights-Man*, a *Whig*, and a *Parliamentary Reformer*.

At the cloſe of the American War, this immaculate gentleman came to Philadelphia, where he was guilty of an act of impious buffoonery, which the general delirium of the times, and the contemptibleneſs of the actor, tended to bury in oblivion, but which always ought to be revived, when any one is impudent enough to ſpeak of him with reſpect.

It was on a day of parade of ſome kind; GENERAL WASHINGTON was paſſing through the ſtreet on horſe-back, followed by an immenſe crowd, when Vaughan happened to ſet eyes upon him for the firſt time. The moment the General approached the place where he ſtood, Vaughan, totally regardleſs of the crowd by which he was ſurrounded, fell upon his knees, and, lifting

up his hands and eyes toward Heaven, exclaimed with a loud voice, in the words of the holy Simeon; "*Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart* "*in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes* "*have ſeen thy ſalvation!*" *This ſalvation of the Lord* was neither more nor leſs than a man, who had been the chief inſtrument in cutting off the right arm of the nation, in which the ſham prophet was born, to which he ſtill owed allegiance, and the *good* of which he had conſtantly pretended was the ſole object of his political purſuits!

The remainder of this man's hiſtory is ſhort. He expected, like Prieſtley, that proclaiming himſelf "a friend to the American revolution" would inſure him reſpect and reward; like Prieſtley he was diſappointed, neglected, and deſpiſed; and he at laſt left the country in dudgeon, juſt as Prieſtley will, the moment he can do it with a proſpect of living elſewhere in ſafety and in eaſe.

So much for the anceſtor of M. B. P. who, if this letter ſhould ever fall into his hands, will certainly not thank the Doctor for dragging him forth from obſcurity. Let us now return to the ſon, whoſe great abilities, knowledge, and *integrity*, the Doctor boaſts of, and whom, he ſays, "any country may be *proud to poſſeſs*."

By Prieſtley's manner of expreſſing himſelf one might be led to ſuppoſe Vaughan a member of the Britiſh parliament, *at this time*: this is not, how-

ever, the caſe. He *was* a member of that aſſembly previous to the laſt general election. And the Doctor ſhould have told us, *how he gained admittance there.* It was not, he well knows, by the free voice of *any part of the people* of Great Britain. He was not choſen by the free men of a county, of a city, or of an open independent borough; but was thruſt in by the influence of the Marquis of Lanſdown, under whoſe roof the Doctor and his Hackney predeceſſor were lodged and fed. He owed his ſeat to one of thoſe very patronized boroughs, about which *he* and Prieſtley, and *Price*, and *Stone*, and *Fox*, and *Paine*, and *Grey*, and the *Sheares's*, and the *O'Connors* have kept up ſuch a loud and inceſſant clamour! His acceptance of ſuch a ſeat was an act of patriotiſm very little inferior to that of his patriotic father, who, in his zeal for the public good, in his eagerneſs to apply the great abilities and integrity of his ſon to the ſervice of his dear country, nobly threw aſide every ſelfiſh conſideration, and—*tendered a bribe to the miniſter of ſtate!*

There muſt be ſomething extremely pliant and commodious in the conſcience of a *ſectarian reformer.* *TITHES* were an abominable grievance, but the Doctor had no objection to their being ſtill exacted, *provided he were admitted to participate.* Bribery, and corruption, and rotten boroughs were all execrable with his *pupil* Vaughan; but they were

quite proper, as the means of obtaining him a ſinecure and a ſeat in parliament. Hudibras's puritan 'Squire (who, by the bye, would have made a charming preacher at Hackney) has very logically proved that *whores* and *dice* are the excluſive property of the *Saints*, and are (he ſhould have ſaid, *in part*,) unjuſtly detained from them by the wicked. This is the prototype of the Unitarian creed. Every thing, of which they can (no matter how) engroſs the poſſeſſion or the controul, is allowable, and praiſe-worthy, and excellent. The oppreſſion of tythes is done away by their reception; from their lips perjury is a pious fraud; when they conſpire againſt the ſtate, it is a proof of their fidelity; a bible becomes purified by paſſing through their hallowed fingers, and a rotten ſeat in parliament is made as ſound as heart of oak, by coming in contact with their ſanctified ſansculottes.

Never was the Doctor more hampered than in framing an explanation of theſe unfortunately Intercepted Letters. His talents at equivocation are ſuch as reflect infinite honour on his ſect; but to ſuch a dilemma was he reduced, that it was impoſſible to advance any thing in his vindication, which muſt not, upon examination, make againſt him. Some excuſe he was compelled to give, for the unlimited confidence repoſed in him by Stone and Vaughan, other than the mere relationſhip between them as brother traitors to Great Britain,

which he well knew, would, *juſt at this moment*, have been rather unpopular; and, therefore, to carry the origin of his connection as far back as poſſible, he tells us that the former was one of his *flock*, and the latter was one of his *pupils*. But, in ſaying this, he was not aware that he communicated a very valuable fact to the public, who will be able, from the ſentiments, connections, and conduct of theſe men, to form a very correct opinion of the political, moral, and religious principles, inculcated in the conventicle and ſeminary at Hackney; and the Doctor will have the honour of being known and acknowledged as the *preceptor* of a ſecreted renegado paſſing under a feigned name, and as the *paſtor* of the moſt execrable traitor, and moſt infamous miſcreant, of even this baſe, treacherous, and impious age.

From the "parentage and education" (to ſpeak in the Tyburn ſtyle) of his *ſecreted pupil*, M. B. P. *alias* Benjamin Vaughan, I now come to his *Emigration* from England. The Doctor ſays, "He, like me, THOUGHT IT NECESSARY to leave England." This ſentence I, for my own part, perfectly underſtand; but, as it was intended for the public at large, he ſhould have ſubjoined its various ſignifications. "*Thought it neceſſary to leave England*, means, *was forced to leave*, or *fled from*, or *ran away from*, or *eſcaped from* England. It was in this ſenſe that Rowan, Tandy, Reynolds and Cary "*thought it neceſſary* to leave" Ireland,

and that citizen Lee, who, like a true ſans-cullotte, ſlipped out of Newgate in petticoats; and Callender, who eloped from the catchpoles, "*thought it neceſſary* to leave England;" but, I do not know, that even any of theſe ever thought it neceſſary to *ſecrete* themſelves in America, or to aſſume a *feigned name*.

If, in the place of this paltry attempt to diſguiſe the truth, he had honeſtly told the public, *when*, and on what account, his pupil "thought it neceſſary to leave England," he would have ſaved me the trouble of writing a paragraph or two on a very villanous ſubject.

"He, *like me*, thought it neceſſary to leave "England."

What does this mean? From it are we not to infer, that he and the Doctor left England under ſimilar circumſtances, and from ſimilar motives? Is not this the natural inference? Did the writer not wiſh by this ſentence to make the people believe, that Vaughan was an oppreſſed and perſecuted man, and that, like Prieſtley, he fled to *America*, as to an aſylum "from the *rude arm of* "*violence*, from the *rod of lawleſs power*: from "*barbarian fury* that put even life itſelf in dan-"ger?" Did he not wiſh, I ſay, to cauſe this lying cant of his democratic addreſſes to be revived, and applied to the Emigration of his friend and pupil? Moſt certainly he did; his words cannot

poſſibly admit of any other conſtruction. Now, then, Doctor, liſten to a true, unſophiſticated tale; and when you have heard to the end, hide your head for ever; go to Kennebeck, aſſume a feigned name, and take ſhelter under the ſame roof with your ſecreted pupil.

John H. Stone, the writer of the infamous Intercepted Letters, went to *France* at an early period of the revolution. He had a brother named William, a coal-merchant in London. On the 29th of January, 1796, this brother William was tried for *High Treaſon* before Lord Kenyon, in Weſtminſter Hall, and the following is the ſubſtance of the printed report of that trial.

'The priſoner, WILLIAM STONE, was charged 'with two ſpecies of treaſon; the firſt, with com- 'paſſing and imagining the king's death; and the 'ſecond, with conſpiring with JOHN H. STONE, 'his brother, and with a perſon named WILLIAM 'JACKSON. It was given in evidence, that the 'French government had employed John H. 'Stone and Jackſon, to gain ſuch intelligence of 'the ſituation of Great Britain and Ireland as 'might enable them to judge of the expediency 'of an invaſion. The connection between theſe 'two perſons and William Stone, the priſoner, 'was placed beyond the poſſibility of a doubt. 'The former was his brother, already become a 'domiciliated Frenchman, and whom he knew to 'be in the confidence and intereſt of the French

' government; the latter had been, to the know-
' ledge of the priſoner, ſent over to England by
' John H. Stone, for the purpoſe of acquiring
' intelligence; and, notwithſtanding the priſoner
' was fully aware of Jackſon's miſſion, he never-
' theleſs, though a Britiſh ſubject, had held cor-
' reſpondence with, and aſſiſted him in making
' enquiry how the kingdom might moſt ſucceſs-
' fully be invaded, or if it would be for the intereſt
' of the French government to make any invaſion
' whatever.—In the courſe of their correſpon-
' dence, it appeared, that a great deal was ſaid
' concerning a certain family at Shields; all which,
' though ſeemingly innocent, was an ingenious
' invention to convey a double meaning, and,
' under theſe ſymbols and allegories, the real bu-
' ſineſs was myſteriouſly concealed.—It appeared
' too, that John H. Stone had repeatedly recom-
' mended Jackſon to his brother, the priſoner, as
' his confidential friend, conſequently an immedi-
' ate connection and correſpondence took place
' between Jackſon and the priſoner, and the for-
' mer was furniſhed by the latter with money to
' effect his purpoſes. Their correſpondence was
' carried on under *feigned names*. John H. Stone's
' letters were ſigned *Benjamin Beresford*; Jack-
' ſon's were ſigned *Thomas Popkins*, and William
' Stone's were ſigned by his own name reverſed,
' William *Enots*.—In the beginning of the year

‘ 1794 fifteen ſhips were loſt to the country, in
‘ conſequence of intelligence, ſuppoſed to have
‘ been conveyed through this channel to the ene-
‘ my.—Jackſon, during this correſpondence, was
‘ in Ireland, whither he went to execute his part
‘ of the traitorous plan, which was, to procure
‘ ſuch intelligence of the ſituation of Ireland, and
‘ of the diſpoſition of the people, as would beſt
‘ enable the French government the more effec-
‘ tually to plan the invaſion and reduction of that
‘ country. Jackſon (previous to the trial of Stone)
‘ was tried, in Ireland, for High Treaſon, and *con-*
‘ *victed*; but he poiſoned himſelf before ſentence
‘ was pronounced on him—In the courſe of the
‘ trial *certain papers* were produced in evidence.

[Now for Monſieur M. B. P.]

“ One of the papers read was written by
“ BENJAMIN VAUGHAN, member of Par-
“ liament for CALNE, and had been given by him
“ to the priſoner. It appeared to be written with
“ a view to deſcribe the temper and opinions of
“ the people of Great Britain, reſpecting the
“ threatened invaſion of the French, and purported
“ to ſhow the improbability there was of any ſuch
“ meaſure ſucceeding, at that time, from a variety
“ of cauſes; and that, from the diſpoſition of
“ the people, which had been clearly indicated in
“ ſeveral inſtances, there was every reaſon to
“ apprehend, that ſuch an attempt would prove

" abortive. The paper concluded with obſerv-
" ing, that it would be EXPEDIENT for the French
" TO HOLD OUT FAIR AND MODERATE TERMS
" OF PEACE."

It was after this raſcal, William Stone, was ſeiz-ed, and Vaughan's paper along with him, that the latter " thought it neceſſary to leave England." W. Stone told a tough ſtory, and brought in Smith, Sheridan, Lauderdale, with ſome three or four ſectarian prieſts, to corroborate what he ſaid; in conſequence of which a deceived Jury brought in a verdict NOT GUILTY. It was ſaid, that, though John H. Stone was clearly proved to be a traitor, his brother might not be one. He, it was ſaid, as well as *Vaughan*, were (poor innocent ſouls!) only endeavouring to *perſuade* the French not to injure Great Britain! ! ! But what muſt have been the vexation of the duped Jury, when they found, ſoon after, that both theſe good creatures were ſafely arrived at Paris!

Had M. B .P. *alias* Benjamin Vaughan, remained calmly in England, after the ſeizure of his papers, or had he " thought it neceſſary to leave England" for America, we might have ſuppoſed it poſſible that he was innocent, and that the intelligence, found in his hand-writing, and deſtined for the uſe of the French, was obtained from him by deception: we might, in ſhort, have thought

him the dupe, rather than the accomplice, of Jackſon and the two miſcreant brothers. But, when we know that he went from England to *Paris;* when we behold him ſeeking ſafety in the boſom of that enemy, againſt whom it was pretended he wiſhed to defend his country; when we ſee him in the cloſeſt connection with the traitor Stone, the ſpy Gallois, and the miniſter Talleyrand; when all theſe indubitable, concurrent, and ſtriking facts ſtare us in the face, we are not, like a Weſtminſter Jury, to be cozened out of our conviction by a miſerable Unitarian ſubterfuge.

Having thus traced the Hackney pupil to his home, the Republic of France, where he was ſo happily ſituated, under the mild and benignant government of Barras, and in the ſociety of his 'dear friend' Stone, and the virtuous Citoyenne Williams; ſeeing him thus placed amidſt the charms of liberty and equality, literature, philoſophy, and love, I truſt we ought not to be accuſed of impertinent curioſity, if we aſk, What could induce him to think it neceſſary to leave France, and why ſhould we not ſtill regard him as a ſpy in her ſervice?

Why did he aſſume a *feigned name?* Was this ever done but from ſome baſe or wicked motive? The word *alias* is frequently heard in courts of juſtice; highwaymen, pickpockets, deſerters, traitors, and ſpies, often coin themſelves a variety of

names, as well as of occupations; but is this ever done by the honeſt man? Is it ever done by the innocent traveller? and, above all, is it ever done by a gentleman coming to ſit peaceably down in his favourite country?

It has, I find, been ſaid by the French faction, that Vaughan aſſumed a feigned name in order to avoid being claimed by the Britiſh government, under the XXVIII article of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce, and not for any purpoſe hoſtile to the United States. But, the abſurdity of this apology will at once be perceived, when it is recollected, that the treaty does not ſtipulate for the ſurrender of traitors (as it ought to have done), but for that of forgers and murderers only. No reaſon, therefore, exiſted for his diſguiſing himſelf on this account, nor on any other than that of fear of detection by the people of America, and to fear ſuch detection ſtrongly argues the intention of committing ſome crime againſt the ſtate; and when to this ſuſpicious circumſtance of the feigned name we add the cauſe of his emigration to France, and his ſubſequent connection with Gallois, Talleyrand, and the traitor Stone, who writes ſo deſpitefully of the American government, what is there, I pray, in Prieſtley's explanation to induce us to abandon the perſuaſion of his being an agent in the ſervice of France?

Fully aware of the effect of ſo dark-looking a circumſtance as that of a feigned name, the Doctor

has gone as far as he could to invalidate the fact. He ſays of his pupil: " for ſome time, he is ſaid to " have aſſumed a feigned name; this he does not " do *here*."—What a crafty, though ſimple-looking ſhift! It neither avows nor denies the fact of his having gone by a feigned name, previous to the publication of the Intercepted Letters, and yet it would leave the ignorant to believe, that he never did aſſume a feigned name in America. It is a true ſectarian ſubterfuge; a lie in the words of truth, and is exactly of a piece with the cautious, placid, meek-ſounding cant, that has ever been the diſtinguiſhing trait in the writings of the ſubtle hypocrite who now makes uſe of it.

What, in the name of all that is impudent, does he mean by telling the people, that, '*it is ſaid*' that Vaughan went under a feigned name? Do we not *know* it? Does not Stone tell us ſo? And does not this villain addreſs a letter to Prieſtley, in which he ſpeaks of Vaughan under a feigned name? If he had not aſſumed a feigned name, why did not Stone call him by his real name? And, as to his not going by a feigned name *here;* if it was not *here*, where was it?—in Great Britain?—For what?—In France, where he was amongſt his dear friends, Talleyrand, &c.?—It is nonſenſe to ſuppoſe ſuch a thing. No, it is clear, it is certain, that he aſſumed a feigned name, that he aſſumed it *here*, and though it be impoſſible to determine exactly for

what purpoſe it was aſſumed, no one will heſitate a moment to acknowledge, that *that purpoſe muſt be known to Prieſtley;* for, had he not known the meaning of M. B. P. he never could have explained that meaning to the public; and it is very improbable, indeed, that he ſhould be in the ſecret of Vaughan's aſſuming a feigned name, without being well acquainted with the reaſons for his doing it, and, of courſe, without being an accomplice in all his deſigns.

I do not pretend to point out (it is not neceſſary that I ſhould point out) the preciſe nature of theſe deſigns; but when all the circumſtances are conſidered, the flight of Vaughan for England, his connections at Paris, the ſentiments contained in Stone's letter, and, above all, the feigned name, it is impoſſible not to believe, that the intentions of the parties concerned were diſhonourable, if not hoſtile to the internal peace and ſafety of the United States.

Prieſtley plainly perceived, that the publiſhing of the Intercepted Letters muſt produce this perſuaſion in every mind, and he ſeems to have been pretty certain, that his ſubterfuges would not be ſufficient to do it away: he concludes, therefore, with telling us, that Vaughan is '*well known* to, 'and probably *correſponds* with, the PRESIDENT, 'who will *ſmile* at the ſurmiſes that have been 'thrown out.' Matchleſs impudence! and it is the more provoking, from being accompanied with ſuch ſeeming tranquility and eaſe.

But, ſuppoſing for a moment, the fact to be true; ſuppoſing that Benjamin Vaughan, who gave intelligence reſpecting the ſtate of his country to an agent of the enemy, and who went afterwards to Paris and joined a knot of execrable Engliſh traitors, avowedly in the ſervice of France; allowing that the 'dear friend' of Talleyrand, Gallois, Stone, and Prieſtley; allowing that the *ſecreted* M. B. P. who has aſſumed a feigned name, to be '*well known* to,' and even allowing that he '*correſponds with*, the PRESIDENT,' what does that make in juſtification of his deſigns in America? The PRESIDENT of the United States *aſſociating* and *correſponding* with ſuch a man, muſt, indeed, give great pain to his friends, and pleaſure to his enemies; muſt fix the mark of folly on the character of his conſtituents, and that of imbecility on his own. But, it is falſe; falſe as the heart of its inventor. No man who is acquainted with the PRESIDENT, or with his ſentiments, will ever believe it. He entertains too hearty an abhorrence of Jacobiniſm to take one of its apoſtles by the hand. If, however, the diſgraceful and alarming fact were founded in truth, it would be no proof of the *innocent intentions* of the perſon who had the addreſs to inſinuate himſelf into the confidence of the PRESIDENT; on the contrary, it would be a ſtrong corroboration of our ſuſpicions; it would tend to prove that he underſtood his buſineſs, and had ſucceeded in his miſſion; for

how could a *ſpy* obtain more or better information than by *converſing and correſponding with him, whoſe breaſt is the repoſitory of the deſigns and the ſecrets of the nation?*

Thus I put an end to my remarks on this ſtring of miſerable excuſes, which, inſtead of white-waſhing the characters of the preceptor and his pupil, have certainly added to the darkneſs of their former dye. In ſupporting our ſuſpicion reſpecting the conduct or intentions of any one, it is not to be expected that we ſhould be able to point out preciſely what crime he has committed, or is going to commit; for this would no longer be *ſuſpicion*; it would be *proof*. When we ſay we *ſuſpect* men of evil deeds or intentions, all that is required of us is, that we bring forward, and eſtabliſh the truth of facts, ſufficient to warrant our ſuſpicion. That ſuch facts with reſpect to the evil intentions of Vaughan and his confidential friend Prieſtley, were brought forward and eſtabliſhed by the publication of Stone's treaſonable letters, Prieſtley himſelf allows, when he ſays that the publication has excited an *alarm*, &c. and, that the impreſſion, which thoſe facts were calculated to produce, ought not to be effaced by any thing contained in his paltry, ſhuffling explanation, I think will be granted by every American, whoſe mind is unperverted by the rancour of *whiggiſm*, and uncorrupted by the baſe and deſpicable principles of the Prieſtlean ſchool.

CERTIFICATE OF CIVISM

FOR

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, JUN.

ON the 13th inſtant I learnt that Doctor Prieſtley's ſon, *Joſeph*, was arrived at Philadelphia, in order to depart for England. I was ſomewhat ſurprized at the intelligence, and ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the impudence of the re-emigrant. Upon inquiry, I found he was actually upon the wing, and, knowing his merits, I was reſolved that he ſhould not go off without a CERTIFICATE OF CIVISM, which I look upon as abundantly furniſhed in the following extract from PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 15th, 1799.

YOUNG PRIESTLEY.

Joſeph Prieſtley, the ſon of the Doctor, is now in this City of Philadelphia, preparing to take ſhip for England. I aſked, the other day, how he could think of a return to that country of "*ſlavery*." Since that time, I have heard of two facts reſpect-

ing him, which, without further ceremony, I ſhall proceed to relate.

This *Joſeph Prieſtley, jun.* came to Philadelphia in the year 1793. Soon after his arrival, being in diſcourſe with a gentleman of the City on the ſubject of politics, he exultingly remarked, that *the Monarchy of Great Britain would be overthrown in a very little while.* The gentleman replied: " not theſe *ſeven* years."—Yes," returned Prieſtley, " in leſs than *five*, and I'll bet you a hundred " dollars of it."—" Done."—" Done."——That the young political ſoothſayer has loſt, we all know. He has been reminded of it, ſince he came to town, and has promiſed to pay the amount of the bet.—I am not ſure, that I am quite correct as to the *ſum* (which is of no conſequence), but for the truth of all the other circumſtances I pledge my veracity; and I could have ſtated the *ſum* with equal confidence, but I did not like to apply for information to the gentleman with whom the wager was laid.

This fact proves, that the Prieſtleans counted with great confidence upon *a revolution in Great Britain;* that they enjoyed by anticipation the dethroning of their good, their great, and glorious old King, and of ſeeing him brought to an ignominious death! The man, who could feel pleaſure at a proſpect like this, well merits the title of *a modern philanthropiſt.*

The other fact will furniſh a pretty fair ſpecimen of Prieſtlean *morality* and patriotiſm.—Moſt of my

readers will recollect, that, during the Seſſion of Congreſs of the year 1794, a propoſition was brought forward in the Houſe of Repreſentatives, *for ſequeſtrating, and holding at the command of government, all the debts due to Britiſh ſubjects.* The injuſtice, the tyranny, the diſhoneſty of this meaſure, was manifeſt to all the world. It excited horror in the mind of every man of integrity in the country. Hundreds of American Merchants and Traders were heard to declare, that no law, no fine, no puniſhment, ſhould induce them to give up their books, or to lend their aid in defrauding their generous creditors, the Merchants and Manufacturers of Great Britain. The meaſure was, however, ſeen in a very different light by the younger *Joſeph*, the pious ſon of the "*patriot, ſaint*, and *ſage.*" He was in the Houſe while the queſtion was agitated. *Sequeſtration*, villanous as it ſeemed to a great majority of the people of America, and rejected with diſdain as it finally was by Congreſs, did not appear villanous enough to merit the approbation of the young *Hackney Saint*, who, ſtepping up to a New-England member, ſaid: "Why do you ſtand debating about *ſequeſtration!* "Why don't you *ſeize* at once?"—"What, Sir," replied the indignant American, "Do you take us "for a ſet of *raſcals and thieves?*"

I ſhall make no comment on theſe facts. I know that Prieſtley is about to leave what his father has called the "land of *equal liberty*," for that which

he has called the " land of *ignorance, bigotry,* " *perſecution, corruption,* and *tyranny ;*" and I think it right to give him a fair opportunity of putting in his contradiction, before his departure. For any thing, no matter what, that he may judge proper to publiſh in reply to my ſtatement, my paper ſhall be open to him.

Feb. 5th.

The pious Prieſtley's pious ſon is gone to England; he is departed, and without publiſhing a ſingle word in contradiction to my ſtatements of the 15th of January. That he would have contradicted them, if he could, no one will doubt. They muſt, therefore, be regarded as truth by every candid man; and the perſon to whom they relate, muſt be regarded as a moſt rancorous and unprincipled wretch.

WM. COBBETT.

N. B. The perſon, with whom Prieſtley laid the wager, was Mr. DOBSON, the Bookſeller. The amount was the price of a ſet of Dobſon's Encyclopedia; about 100 dollars.

COL. WADSWORTH was the Member of Congreſs, whom the young " *Saint*" rebuked for not ſeizing the Britiſh debts.

FINIS.